

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Aspera

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Among the Contributors

The Christmas season has come, and The Wesleyan staff wishes all its readers a merry time as they travel to their homes with this little sprig of mistletoe for a token. And as you scan our little rhymes and stories, sitting perhaps by an open fire in the presence of your dearest friends, may these pages add the last touch of cheer.

Miss Carolyn Lawton, who has joined the staff as artist, is responsible for the added decoration of the cover and the illustrations of some of the stories. Miss Lawton was cartoonist for *The Watchtower* last year, and her talent for drawing is well known to most of our readers.

Another new member of the staff whom we welcome at this time is Miss Lucy Fulghum, freshman literary editor, who has contributed a sonnet for the mistletoe number.

Without the aid of Miss Frances Eleazer, who came to our rescue upon the resignation of Miss Kathryn Lynch as business manager, we could hardly have continued publication. We welcome Miss Eleazer as executive of the business affairs of the magazine.

Of the contributors not on the staff we would mention Miss Roberta Cason, whose poetry we have carried before. This time we offer her story, *Out of the Dark*, which is based upon an historical event of colonial setting. In *Lavender* Miss Harriet Campbell and Miss Modena McPherson offer us some of their delightful poetry. Miss Rietta Bailey in the *Bookshelf* gives us a review of Corley's *The Fifth Son of the Shoe Maker* in a style that is akin to that of the author himself. Miss Tsou Yi Zia in the essay, *In Defense of China*, affords us some idea of what the native of China experiences from the reports of the Japanese invasion of Manchuria.



Foreword

Mistletoe

Mystic plant—
Ever green and white
Clinging parasite,
Killer of Balder,
The God of the summer
Yet bringer of cheer
To our Christian year.
Indulger of youth
Disdainful of ruth,
O tender green—
Mistletoe

Christmas

*The wagons from out dim cold woods
Have brought Christmas to me.
Swiftly it came with the pungent smell
Of a soft bruised cedar tree.
A window and a holly wreath,
Red berries, satin bow;
A tall green candle lighted there
Gleaming 'cross the snow.
Perhaps, inside a little child
Will scurry off to bed,
A stocking hung at the mantelpiece,
The soft coals glowing red.
The tangled mass of bamboo vines,
The sprigs of mistletoe,
The wagons move on through the dusk—
Creaking as they go.
And the wagons from out dim cold woods
Have brought Christmas to me;
They've left it with the pungent smell
Of a soft bruised cedar tree.*

Christmas Sacrifice

By IDA YOUNG

"YOU do it,
Billy; I
just can't.

Please, you
do it 'cause
you're the
biggest."

"Puggy I-I
can't neither.
You do it.
You don't love her
like I do."

Two great tears
welled up in the eyes of the older boy,
and he wiped at them furtively with his
sleeve. The younger child, called Puggy,
stood looking at the ground. Out of the
corner of his eye he looked up at his
brother, and his set lips began to quiv-
er pitifully.

"I've wrung a heap of chicken necks,
Puggy, but I can't go this'n. This old
chicken's been with us most as long as I
can remember."

"Naw, and it aint right to kill her,
neither," broke in Puggy. "Mama
wouldn't want us to do it if she was
here—even if it is Christmas."

"Puggy, we got to do it. Mr. Jack
and Miss Kate got to have a Christmas
present, and Speckle is the only thing
we got of our very own. Why, they
helped to get Mama sent off so she could
get well, and they even found us this
place to stay while she wasn't here."

Puggy shook his short curls back from
his face. The toe of his heavy shoe
twisted restlessly in the dirt, and he
pulled at his blouse.

"Well, I aint going to kill her, and I
don't care neither. Wish Mama was
here anyhow," he said as the tears
trembled on his lashes, and he wrinkled
his nose to make them fall.

Billy seemed to grow taller as he put
his arm around his brother's shoulders.
"Now, Puggy, don't you cry. We'll just

take Speckle along
in a box and let
Lou kill her after
we leave
her."

Puggy sat
down in the
dirt cross-
legged with
the old domi-
necker hen in his
arms. Silently he
brushed down the

hen's feathers while Billy went after a
box to put her in. Carefully he lifted
her into the shoebox and punched holes
around the sides of it.

"Puggy, be sure and punch holes
enough so she can breathe. I'm going
in the house to get some bread crumbs
for her, and I'll ask Miss 'Liza if we can
go out to Miss Kate's. I'll be back in a
few minutes."

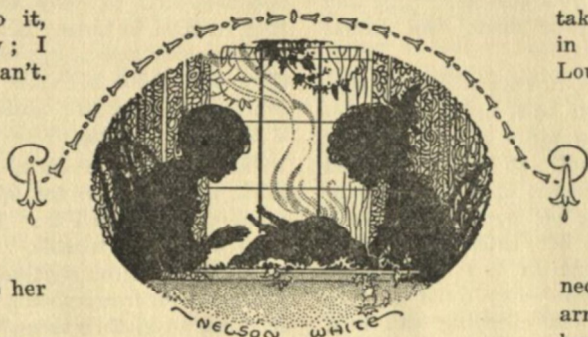
Billy gained permission to go, and the
children started out to the edge of the
small town where Jack and Kate Strong
lived on a farm. Plodding along silent-
ly, the children at last came to the home
of their friends. They turned into the
lane that led up by the side of the house.
Puggy looked up at Billy sadly. Billy,
steadily avoiding his eyes, was examin-
ing the hedge closely. Then he glanced
down at Puggy sideways.

"Puggy, I don't want to see Miss Kate
or Mr. Jack today. Let's just write our
names on the box and leave Speckle on
the back steps."

"Billy, let me take just one more look
at her before we leave her," pleaded the
younger child as he hugged the box
tightly to his breast.

"All right, but don't look too long,
'cause it's best to get this thing over in
a hurry now. You look at her while I
write our names on the box."

Reaching into his pocket Billy drew



out a stub of a pencil. Very seriously he licked the point. Then, stopping to rest the box top on his knees he wrote laboriously.

"Will this do, Puggy? I said 'Merry Christmas from your friends, Puggy and Billy.' I put your name first 'cause you're the littlest."

Solemnly, as if it were a sort of rite, they put the top back on the box, securing it with a piece of dirty string from Billy's pocket. It had not entered their minds to submit Speckle to the indignity of having her legs tied, and they were fearful of her attempts to get away. They went up to the corner of the backyard where they could see the steps. Puggy was carrying the box. Suddenly he bent over and put his mouth close to it.

"Good-bye, Speckle," he said solemnly and gave the box to Billy.

Billy took the box gently in his two small hands and ran to the steps where he deposited it easily. Slowly he backed away to where Puggy stood. For a minute both children stood silent looking at the box in which they were leaving the one thing which in their new life absolutely belonged to them. Puggy winked hard. Then he looked at Billy. Very slowly the two little boys reached up grimy fists to wipe tears from their eyes; then clasping hands they ran down the lane and to the road.

Lou, the negro cook who had been with the Strongs for many years, had seen the children as they came up the lane. Quietly she had watched Billy leave the box; from her kitchen window she had watched the tearful departure. Now she went out on the steps, and as she stooped to pick up the box, a loud cackle made her almost drop it. Then she saw it all, and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron as she went to tell Miss Kate of the children's gift.

"Jack, I think we made a mistake in sending Billy and Puggy in town to stay," said Kate Strong as they sat at dinner that day. "The Roberts feed them and give them clothes to wear,

but those children are missing their mother too much. They aren't getting love."

"Oh Kate, you're getting sentimental. Of course, Jim and Eliza Roberts are not the kind to baby those kids, but they're good to them. It is too bad that their mother had to get tuberculosis, but they say she'll soon be well, and the family'll be together again. It's not as if they were going to be there always."

"Just the same Jack, I believe you made a mistake in not letting me keep them as I wanted to. They wouldn't have been any trouble. Besides I am strong enough for anything now. Those children are crazy about you, and they need me to mother them."

Then she told him of the gift they had brought in the morning.

"And Jack, that means a lot to them. It's almost like giving up a part of themselves. That chicken was all they had left of their life out here with their mother."

Jack laughed—an unusually hearty laugh it was—and then he was quiet a moment.

"Perhaps, you're right, Kate. I guess things haven't been any too easy for them lately. I'd have let you have your way in the beginning, only I didn't think you were strong enough to stand it."

Again he was silent for a while; then he turned to her and said, "Let's have them out here for Christmas—a real one. I'll bet Jim Roberts would be glad to have them off his hands for that. He and his wife don't believe in all this Christmas fixing. He said so to me once."

So it was that when Billy and Puggy started to bed that night after having been carefully bathed, they were told that they were to go to the Strongs' for Christmas. After Mrs. Roberts had turned out the light, the children lay in bed talking softly.

"Billy, I-I don't think I just want to go out there. I most wish Christmas was over."

"Now Puggy, don't you worry. You're going to have a good time this Christ-

mas. Just think: Mama's up yonder getting well, we've got a nice home to stay in while she's away, and we're going to Mr. Jack's for Christmas. You know that's better than being here, even if they are good to us. Christmas is a time for loving people, and there aren't any better people in this world to love than Mr. Jack and Miss Kate—less it is Mama, and course, she loves us and we love her every single minute."

"I know, Billy, but if we go out there, we may have to—may have to eat Speckle. I just couldn't do that; it would just choke me,"

The younger child's voice had risen to a shrill wail of despair. From downstairs came the voice of Mrs. Roberts telling them to "quiet right down and go to sleep or you shan't go one step tomorrow."

Puggy turned to the wall, and Billy threw a protecting arms around his neck whispering softly, "Anyway, don't you worry, Puggy, I'll look after that."

Early Christmas Eve morning Jack Strong came for the two children. He explained that they were to go with him for a tree and vines for the house while Miss Kate went shopping. The boys were unusually quiet on the way out; the chill tang of the air seemed to have taken away their breath. Puggy went on an exploration tour as soon as he could get into the back yard, and in a few minutes he confided to Billy in a distressed whisper that he couldn't find a single trace of Speckle.

Trudging along through the woods behind Jack Strong, who took such long steps, kept them from talking for a while, and then there were saplings to be climbed for mistletoe and bamboo. When Miss Kate came home from town she brought some things that she said they were to send to their mother by a man who was going up there for Christmas. They prepared a lovely box for her, and each child wrote a note to slip into the present that he sent. Mr. Jack and Miss Kate added theirs, and the whole

big box had to be tied with red tissue and gay green ribbon.

Still there was something lacking in the happiness of the children, and Kate worried over it as she helped Jack decorate the tree and fill the stockings after the children had gone to bed. Jack was trying to put a very complex airplane together, and he was paying little attention to what she was saying.

"Why, I don't believe they even know how to be happy. They're like little old men. I do hope these things will wake them up. And I'll tell you one thing right now, Jack Strong. Those children are not going back to Jim Roberts to stay. They're going to stay right here with me. Maybe they will be happier tomorrow. Perhaps, they were just tired out today."

Jack only answered her a rather absent-minded "All right," but Lou, who was brushing around in the dining room shot a glance at Kate Strong and smiled slyly. She knew the ways of children. Didn't she have eight of her own?

The boys were awake early the next morning, and there were a thousand things to be seen and examined. Never had the children known such a Christmas—so many presents. Why they had everything they had thought of from books to building sets, and there were even sparklers to light in the grey chill of the early morning. Sparklers that Jack could throw up into the cedar tree where they hung like twinkling stars.

Yet during the day, Jack thought more than once of what Kate had said the night before. He wondered how boys could have grown so timid and so quiet in such a short time. Only occasionally did they break into the real spirit of boys, and that was when he played football with them on the front grass before dinner.

As dinner time came closer, the children grew even quieter, and Jack wondered if they had eaten too much already. No, that couldn't be the cause, for Kate had seen to it that the supply of candy was limited. Somehow he was

strangely ill at ease with them; they were so thoughtful and so weighed down with the cares of the world.

Finally, though, Lou had placed the last dish upon the table and the group went in to dinner. Puggy shot a furtive glance at Billy who kept his eyes glued to the floor. Jack served the children's plates, and he watched them as they began to eat. They did not really eat; they simply toyed with their food in a manner that was entirely foreign to Jack with all his knowledge of small boy appetites. Even Kate was beginning to notice that they were not eating. She reached over to feel Puggy's hand that rested listlessly upon the edge of the table, but it was not feverish. Could they be thinking of their mother—that was not like small boys, but maybe that was the trouble. Anxiously she looked from one small lad to the other then at Jack. She was not eating and neither was he.

Billy looked up rather startled, and began hurriedly to force down a bit of potato salad. He looked at Puggy.

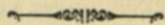
Finally Jack could stand it no longer. He spoke to the children urging them to eat, begging them to try some meat. Oh, he must have said the wrong thing,

for as he said meat, Puggy looked at Billy and two great tears welled up in his blue eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Perhaps it would be better just to ignore them; he signaled his thoughts to Kate, and they began to eat. Food choked them, and they kept stealing side glances at the children. Billy was making a pretense at eating his salad, but Puggy just sat there staring into space. The meal lasted an interminable length. Finally, though, it was time for Lou to bring the mince pie.

She came from the kitchen, her black face beaming beneath the great white cap that she wore. In one hand she carried the pie, and in the other she bore a large hat box. Without a word she gave it to Billy, and stood back to watch him untie the string. Carefully he lifted the lid and with an astonished cackle Speckle jumped out into Puggy's hands and settled quietly. Billy gave a wild whoop of joy and seized Puggy and Speckle both in his arms.

Lou turned to Jack Strong.

"They was choking over that chicken, Marse Jack, but you just let 'em start again. I'll betcher they kin clean up now," she said with a sage grin.



EST-CE QU'IL FAUT?

O wind, which causes snowy clouds to
drift across blue summer skies.
E'en you, sometimes in your path crush
homes and lives.
O Rain, which causes lovely flowers to
spring up from dry cold land,
E'en you, sometimes bring sorrow by
your merciless hand.
O, God, of wind and rain
Of happiness and pain,
Must there always be a balance of
storms and flowers?

—Frances Zachry.

TRANSFORMATION

The mist on the lake
Lifts its pale, gauzy fingers
To the stars
In adoration—supplication—
But the stars are haughty
In their elevation,
And metallic
In their lumination.
They bear themselves away at dawn's
approach
Leaving the mist
Damp and white
In the starkness of morning's light.

—Modena McPherson.

Sprig of Green

Just a little sprig of green leaves surrounding clusters of white berries which someone christened "mistletoe" many years ago. Only that and nothing more, but think of the great part it plays in the life of almost everyone.

Old or young, rich or poor—mistletoe has the same peculiar fascination for all.

A youngster will trudge diligently through the woods searching for the plant. His little feet may feel like two crusty icebergs, his nose may be as red as a fresh strawberry—but he is unmindful.

How his eyes sparkle as he spies a bit of the mistletoe hanging enticingly from a high bough!

And it seems to be a law of nature that the prettiest cluster of mistletoe must always dangle from the highest limb. Not only must it be on the highest limb but it must be also on the tip-most edge of the branch.

Even though his arms are crammed and overflowing with the green plant and its white berries, the youngster usually hesitates before every tree laden with the plant.

Then when he finally reaches home with his precious burden, it seems to be somewhat of a problem as to just why his older sister grabs the sprigs of mistletoe out of his arms and hangs it over the door.

To the young girls and boys, mistletoe means romance, gaiety, adventure! They forget that it is a plant and a somewhat commonplace plant at that.

Shy girls open their eyes with shocked amazement at the very thought of pausing for a moment under some mistletoe hanging most innocently from a doorway. But nevertheless they seem to make a number of trips under that particular doorway.

Older people smile reminiscently at the mention of the word, "mistletoe." At the very sight of it, memories of the long ago come sweeping back over the years. Memories tinged with sweetness, loveliness, perhaps a little sadness.

And in this dreamland of long ago they see hoop-skirted maidens gracefully bowing before a tall lad under the chaperonage of a bunch of mistletoe. Maybe it brings back the poignant memory of a few moments of bliss. Just a little sprig of mistletoe but it carries the old people into the gay world of youth and beauty.

So to all these ages of man mistletoe is synonymous with romance, adventure, love—

But to the botanist mistletoe is just a parasite!

Out of the Dark

By ROBERTA CASON

NIGHT had come quickly, and with it a fog had risen from the river making the lights in the log-hewn homes of Jamestown send a murky gleam into the narrow, muddy streets. The palisade was invisible and the dense forest beyond was only a part of the shadows that stretched away from the patches of light into the vast unknown reaches of a new continent. The fog seemed a ghostly harbinger of horror. It filled the air with foreboding and tried to choke the night fire struggling to light the open space around the block-house.

A shadow staggered out of the intense blackness of the forest and started its stumbling way across the rough cleared ground between the edge of the forest and the palisade. The long race with time and his fast failing strength through the almost impenetrable wilderness had completely exhausted the man weakened by seven months of captivity in an Indian camp. His splendid physique had been almost destroyed; one arm in the tattered woodsman's coat was burned useless; his poor, starved, body was just a skeleton upon which his ragged clothing hung. The Paspageghs had reasoned almost correctly: they had starved him, maimed his body with cruel tortures, all but killed him during the seven long months, then they had ironically told him of the alliance with the Powhatan, of their plans to fall upon the outlying English. Hundreds two nights later, and at sunrise raze Jamestown either killing or capturing every inhabitant.

After a night filled with their fantastic war-dances and weird cries around



the campfires, gleaming in the depths of the forest, throbbing with the monotonous rhythm of the dull thrum of their deer-skin drums, they had given him a rattlesnake quiver filled with arrows and powder and set him free, bidding him to warn his people. Two warriors had followed him and shot him with a poisoned arrow when he had gone only a short distance from the camp. The head of the arrow had broken off in his shoulder and was festering there. But those cruel monarchs of the forest and the wilderness had failed to take into consideration one

thing. The young man with whom they were dealing was John Montgomery in whose veins flowed the blood of ancient Celtic kings; who, though he was a "youngest son," a nonentity in England, had a will of iron, a flaming courage that nothing could quench, and a loyalty to his people that only death could make inactive. Now after two days and a night of struggle, of driving his exhausted body through the dense forest, of falling, and rising, and struggling on, he was about to reach Jamestown . . . in time.

Was the distance between the forest and the palisade interminable? One step after another, carefully, for he knew that if he fell he could not summon the strength to rise again. One step after another . . . one step after another. The pain in his shoulder was horrible. Would he never get there? He staggered on over the rough ground. At last the palisade! the gate! He was in Jamestown! His goal was the three-room log house he and Hugh Godfrey had built. Down the muddy street to-

ward the group of homes he stumbled, a fierce triumphant joy in his heart. He would warn them in time. Hugh could take the quiver and the messages to the governor. He had not remembered that it was so far from the palisade to the house. One step after another . . . one step after another. Jamestown, the outlying hundreds were warned, the English in America were safe.

From the homes came the low hum of voices, the crooning songs of women lulling their babes to sleep, the growl of dogs contending over their supper bones. Mechanically John turned in at the little path that led to the door-step of his home. At last! He must hurry. Then he fell! Frantically he tried to rise, tried to call Hugh; but he lost consciousness as the faint sound he had made was lost in the fog-sodden darkness. He lay there, a pathetic heap in the cold, dark night. The rattlesnake quiver, Jamestown's warning, pressed close to his faintly beating heart. . . .

Inside the cabin Janet was drying the heavy crockery dishes, and Hugh, sitting relaxed in the home-made chair, was experimenting with his pipe. A number of changes had taken place in the bachelor home Hugh and John had built. Since that day seven months before when John had not returned from a hunting expedition and searching parties had been unable to find him, a ship load of maidens had come from England. Hugh had married one who called herself Janet Truslow. The pioneer cabin had become a home.

Janet's musical laughter rang out now and then when Hugh would be thrown into a paroxysm of coughing on account of the unsuccessful results of his valiant attempts to learn to smoke the tobacco weed.

"I fear, sir," Janet laughed finally as she set the last dish in place, "Thou art not quite so far advanced in the art as John Rolfe."

"Nay, that I am not," he admitted as he looked ruefully at his pipe. "But I prithee remember, madam," he added with a smile, "John had to go through

this awkward stage also. And the pleasures that result are . . ."

"How is that, sir . . . pleasures? Methinks that thou canst know but little of the pleasures of the pipe."

They both laughed. Hugh knocked the ashes from his pipe into the fireplace and laid it on the chimney-shelf. Janet had got her ball of yarn and knitting needles and was dragging the three-cornered stool from its place beside the spinning wheel. She sat down upon it near his chair.

"Sit down, and tell me some stories," she smiled up at him.

John stood there a moment, his back to the fire, watching her as she deftly took up the knitting where she had left off and began what seemed to him the very intricate process of ribbing. Then he sat down and very gently laid one of his roughened hands over the slender, shapely white ones that made the shining needles click so industriously.

"These hands were not made to toil in a wilderness, to become roughened and—"

"Hush!" Janet cried softly. "Neither were thine by birth meant for such; in England thou wouldst be a lord entitled to every luxury," her eyes flashed still with rebellion against the foppish form of the society she had left. "But thou art a man and I am a woman and this is a world where there is no place for soft hands and cowardly hearts hidden under satins and flashing jewels. But tell me a story of thee . . . and John Montgomery. There was a slight quiver in her voice.

"Rather would I tell thee another story, the story of how a man who had lost his only intimate friend stood alone on the shores of a new world looking out into the vast reaches of the interminable sea; of how this man saw the great white sails of an English ship tip the horizon with hope; of how that ship sailed up the river with the fairest cargo that ever a ship bore. Thou wert on board, Janet. Then of how I saw thee, and loved. . . ."

"Oh Hugh," Janet interrupted, her

hands clasped tightly over the knitting in her homespun lap, "Must thou bring back that day?" There was pain in her voice. "That day and the one that followed . . . were not . . . easy for me." Her voice broke slightly, but her proud head remained unbowed.

"I forgot, Beloved. That day brought me such wonderful happiness." There was a pause, then he continued. "Janet, I have often wondered why thou didst leave England, why thou didst come to Jamestown on that ship. Everything—your manners, you mein, your speech, is that of a lady. Thou canst not be of the serving class as were thy traveling companions."

"Hugh," and Janet looked deep into the steadfast eyes of her husband, "I left England seeking for freedom, for happiness. I left my name and everything else connected with my past there. I am just Janet Truslow whom thou didst find in the courting meadow, just the English maiden whom thou hast made thy wife, Janet Truslow Godfrey. Is not that enough, Hugh?"

"Oh, Janet, Janet," it was a heart-breaking cry. "Thou art always enough . . . if . . . if I could only teach thee to love me as I do thee."

She smiled up at him through her tears.

"I am trying to learn, Hugh," she said softly.

Silently they sat there, gazing into the fire that checkered the room in light and shadow; sat there gazing into the fire of love that checkers life with light and shadow. And the face that Janet saw in the flames was the face of handsome, noble, young John Montgomery for whom she had left England, family, position and come alone into the wilderness of an unknown country. The mockery of the letter she had written and sent on the ship before the one on which she sailed still lying on the chimney-shelf waiting for him to return from the wilderness that had swallowed him up was almost more than she could bear. The absolute tragedy of it, as she thought back, was that he had never

known that her love had stood the test, had never known that she had refused to marry the title-laden lord her family had commanded her to marry and had secretly left England to come to America to be bought by the titleless man of her choice whom her family had prevented her marrying two years before. How strange it was to be the mistress of his house, Hugh's wife. She admitted that she was happier as Hugh's wife than she had ever been in the repressed life in England. Hugh loved John too. She wished that she could give him all that he deserved, for he deserved all the devotion of a noble woman's heart. But while she would always be Hugh's dutiful wife she could never give him what she had given John. Hugh had saved her from a terrible fate for John's not meeting the ship had meant that she might have become anyone's wife. Oh, why couldn't she love him? He was so noble, so kind, so dear, and he loved her so! She would try very hard . . . but still she saw John's face in the flames.

And Hugh as he sat there in the silence of the firelight broken only by the simmering of the water boiling in the black iron kettle swinging over the flames, watched them strike gold from the heavy brown hair wound like a coronet around his wife's head. Ah! the wonder of it! If she could only love him! The torment of knowing that she was having to try to learn! If she could only know how he loved her perhaps . . . but he would have to wait for time to show her that, he had done all he could. Finally, able to sit still no longer he rose, and leaning over her took her lovely face gently in his hands and kissed it tenderly.

"I love thee Janet," he whispered, a life of love in the simple words. Then he unbarred the door and stepped out into the darkness of the foggy night to see that all was well before banking the fire and retiring.

As he opened the door the watchman's cry "All's well!" came to him in tones muffled by the fog and the low wind that had sprung up and was swaying

the fog into fantastic shapes. A cry of surprise burst from his lips as he almost stumbled over a bundle of ragged clothes, a man lying unconscious. Kneeling down beside him Hugh lifted the man's face into the light that streamed through the open doorway. Pushing back the tangled, matted hair from the high forehead he looked into the pale, haggard, shaggily bearded face of John Montgomery. "John!" He almost wept in the sudden joy of finding his friend alive.

Janet, at her husband's first exclamation, had run to the doorway where she stood, silhouetted against the light of the fire.

"Janet," Hugh called, "it is John!"

Janet swayed slightly, ever so slightly in the doorway.

"Thou hadst better bring him in at once, Hugh." How could she speak so calmly? John, her John! Not dead, after all! Her mind was in a whirl, her heart in a tumult of painful joy.

Hugh gathered the cold, unconscious man into his arms as gently as a mother her babe and carried him into the room. Janet closed the door behind her husband, then ran for their simple restoratives. When she returned with them Hugh was kneeling beside his friend whom he had laid on the bear-skin close to the hearth, a look of horror on his face. He had seen the rattlesnake quiver; he had found the festering arrowhead in John's shoulder. To a man of the wilderness that told the whole terrible story.

He flung the quiver on the hearth where it gleamed menacingly in the firelight. Janet had learned much of the language of the wilderness. She too understood the meaning of the rattlesnake quiver.

Hugh forced wine between John's seemingly lifeless lips. Janet stepped into the next room to get some soft cloths and salve in order to wash and bind up the wounded shoulder.

The eye-lids of the unconscious man flickered, then opened, resting unknow-

ingly upon Hugh for a moment, then he smiled faintly.

"Hugh!" his lips formed his friend's name.

"Yes, John, it is Hugh." He pressed his friend to his heart in joy and thanksgiving. Then the rattlesnake quiver gleaming on the hearth turned his joy into uneasiness. "Can you tell me when the Indians are coming, John? The defense . . ."

"Thank God, . . . in time . . ." the whisper was broken, was painful. "Tomorrow morning . . . Hundreds, already warned . . . sunrise, Jamestown . . . Powhatan . . . Paspageghs . . . alliance. In . . . Anne!" And he lapsed into unconsciousness. Janet almost dropped the salve and the cloths in her hand.

Hugh laid his friend gently on the bearskin.

"Do not be startled at anything he may say, Dearest. He has mistaken thee, in the condition that he is in, for the young woman in England whom he loves." Hugh had risen as he spoke and was taking his sword from its customary place on the wall. "I must go to the governor's at once," he continued, buckling on the sword and flinging his heavy cloak about him. "I shall return as speedily as possible. Thou canst do as much for him as anyone."

He picked up the rattlesnake quiver.

"Bar the door after me," and in an instant he was swallowed up in the darkness and the fog.

Slowly Janet barred the door and walked back to the hearth. She was trembling from head to foot. Kneeling there in the firelight beside him, her gray homespun dress billowed about her, tears running down her cheeks, she lifted the arrowhead from the wound in his shoulder and bathed and dressed the wound as best she could. The pathetic burned arm she dressed too. Then she washed his haggard, pain-worn face. She laid a quilt over him, and taking his head in her arms forced wine between his lips from time to time. She scarcely knew what she did, only that she worked

frantically to restore him to consciousness. She must explain everything to him before Hugh returned.

At last he opened his eyes.

"Anne," he whispered.

"Yes, John," very low, very tender.

"Hast thou . . . really come . . . to . . . me?"

"I came, John, but thou wert not here." The pain in her voice was heart-breaking.

"But . . . I am here now . . . and thou . . . art here . . . now," he murmured, and a deep, unspeakable joy transfigured his face.

Oh, how could she tell him? But she must. Why couldn't her heart break? She had not known that it could ache so. She gave him more wine. She tried to smile at him through her tears. He seemed to grow stronger.

"Ah, Anne, Anne, . . . Beloved . . . " he whispered, "if I could only . . . tell thee . . . if I could only tell thee how . . . "

She laid her fingers upon his lips. Her tears fell upon his face. She thought that her heart broke.

"Hush, Dearest," her voice quivered, "I must tell thee. It can never be."

"Anne! But thou art . . . here!" It was a cry of anguish.

"I came to thee, Beloved. They told me that you wast dead. I am thy friend's wife. I am Hugh's wife . . . " her voice faltered.

"Oh, Anne, Anne! My own! My own . . . not Hugh . . . not Hugh. . . . " It was the tortured heart-cry of a mortally wounded soul. A great sob shook him, almost tore his heart out.

The silence was broken only by the simmering of the water in the black iron kettle swinging over the flames, now and then the falling of a piece of burned wood into the ashes, and the low moan of the wind around the log-hewn corners of the cabin.

Long they gazed into each other's eyes.

"He must . . . never . . . know," John said finally, quietly, distinctly.

"Nay," Anne's voice faltered, but she

too spoke distinctly, "he must never know. I am not thy Anne. I am Janet Truslow Godfrey. I am Hugh's sworn wife." Her head bowed. The years stretched ahead, painful years . . . vaguely she wondered if the pain in her heart would ever cease, could ever kill her.

Hugh, returning from the governor's had been arrested as he stood outside the door, his hand uplifted to knock, by John's cry of anguish, "My own! My own! . . . Not Hugh . . . not Hugh." And Hugh had stood there paralyzed in body and soul, his arm uplifted to knock, not realizing that he was listening to something that was not meant for his ears. Oh, the pain in those voices, the voices of the two he loved more than life itself. Janet was Lady Anne Hamilton come seeking John in the new world. He saw it all now, the letter that had lain waiting for John, her coming, her not being able to give him her love. Oh God! How could there be such suffering? And he had caused it . . . caused theirs, caused his own, by marrying Janet. And they were not going to let him know! Slowly he turned and stumbled away. He must think, must think. Oh, why couldn't he think? Over and over in his mind whirled Janet's words, "I am trying to learn, Hugh" . . . trying to learn! Oh, the bitterness, the heart-breaking joy of the knowledge that she had had the courage to be true to him. "I am not thy Anne, but Janet Truslow Godfrey, Hugh's sworn wife." The memory of the pain in her voice as she said those words cut his heart like a knife. He had not known that a man could suffer so.

And John loved her. He knew how much, for he too loved. And she loved John. There was no need for all to suffer! But why should he? They had said that he should never know! Ah! But he did know! He must do something! That it should be the two that he loved more than his own heart's blood, more than life itself. Those phrases kept repeating themselves in his mind as he went, he knew not whither,

through the fog and the night. Then the thought came to him . . . but why should he? Had he a right to happiness; he had waited long for love; John should not have it. But he did have it. Janet's love was not his. Janet . . . Janet . . . she had a right to love, to happiness. What had she said? That she had left England seeking freedom and happiness in a new world. His love for her was not real if he would bind her . . . would destroy her happiness. Up and down the muddy streets he tramped in the fog. Ah, how he wanted her. She was his wife. His hat was gone, his beard was wet in the fog. Love . . . love . . . did he love her? And suddenly he knew. Reverently he bowed his head and folded his arms. Two tears coursed down his cheeks in the darkness. He had submitted to the great law of love.

And then the torment, the conflict were gone. There was peace in his soul, and sorrow, . . . and a vast longing.

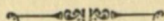
Slowly he walked to the governor's house and knocked heavily upon the barred door. There was a light still burning inside. The governor would not sleep to-night. The Indians would come with the morrow. Through the fog came the shouts of men at work strengthening the defense at the block-house.

"Ah, Hugh, come in." Governor Yeardley saw that there was something the matter with his friend.

But Hugh stood there on the doorstep.

"Governor Yeardley," he said slowly, "I will meet the Powhatan to-morrow . . . outside the palisade. Listen for the signal for their approach. Good-night, Your Honor, and God bless Jamestown."

Before the Governor could speak Hugh had turned and was lost in the cold gray fog, and the blackness of the night. They both knew that he would not return.



SONNET

They tell me fifty times each busy day
That which, all fifty times, my heart denies.

They say that I won't always be this way—

There'll come a time when mute, delighted cries

Won't fill my throat and songs won't cram my heart—

Because your hands are clean, and your soft hair

Won't stay in place. Each time we part
The little warmth won't play around me where

Your arms have been. Each bread and butter kiss

Won't satisfy the hunger that I feel.

No happiness will fill myself like this

As you, by me, in love and kindness kneel.

Twice fifty times these platitudes I hear.
But never mind—I can't believe them, dear.

—Lucy Fulghum.

In Defense of China

By TSOO YI ZIA

A CHALLENGE to the peace-loving generation of to-day. Peace! Peace! Peace!

This is the watchword of all the nations after the war. "We can't afford to have any more wars, we must live together in peace"—was solemnly agreed upon by every one. As a result of this the League of Nations was established to promote world peace and to settle world disputes. This was followed by the disarmament conferences and the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact. The nations can certainly pride themselves at these good attempts they have made toward peace.

But how can there ever be peace when Might still rules over Right, when the stronger nations can still plunder the weaker ones without restraint, when militarism and imperialism still holds sway over all the earth? We have a good example of this to-day in the Sino-Japanese conflict over Manchuria. Manchuria is, as every one knows, a Chinese territory. But we hear of Japan's sending her troops to occupy Manchuria, of her airplanes flying above Manchuria bombing the cities, of her warships patrolling the Chinese waters to prevent any show of opposition on the part of the Chinese. Not satisfied with all this, Japan has deliberately deposed the Chinese governor of Manchuria, Gen. Chang-Hsueh-Liang and has planned to make Mr. Henry Pu Yi deposed emperor of China, the governor of Manchuria so that the latter can be a puppet in the hands of Japan. Japan has further persuaded Manchuria to declare its independence of China so that like Korea it will ultimately come into the hands of Japan.

Now what right has Japan to send her troops over a territory not her own? What right has she to depose the Chinese governor in Manchuria? No wonder the Chinese people are astir at this encroachment of China's sovereignty, no

wonder they are filled with resentment toward these imperialistic designs of Japan. The patience of China is tested to the last degree. But instead of declaring war with Japan, China has tried her best to maintain peace. As both China and Japan are members of the League, China has asked the League to stop this manifestation of militarism on the part of Japan. The League, after some deliberation has asked Japan to withdraw her troops from Manchuria. This, Japan has refused, insisting that the situation concerns Japan and China only and that the League has no right to intervene. But Japan and China are both members of the League. If the League cannot prevent its members from fighting, what good can the League be? Besides China and Japan are both signatories of the Kellogg Pact. If the signatories fail to fulfill their obligations, what further guarantee can we have for world peace?

Japan insisted that the reason why she sent troops over to Manchuria was to protect "the life and property" of the Japanese inhabitants as there were anti-Japanese demonstrations afoot in Manchuria. China claimed that Japan had been stationing her troops outside the treaty zone along the Southern Manchuria Railway (a certain number of Japanese troops had been assigned by treaty to protect the Japanese interests along this railway) and that the anti-Japanese demonstrations of the Chinese inhabitants had been caused by increasing number of Japanese and troops which had been sent over by Japan in big numbers recently on the pretense of protecting the life and property of the people. The truth is Manchuria is a rich piece of land and Japan has always wanted to get it under her control. She is taking every excuse she can to get Manchuria. The Chinese naturally resent Japan's imperialistic designs backed

by her military powers and is anxious to maintain the territory that belonged to China by right. We can see that Japan is doing her best in stirring up hatred among the Chinese people. If the Japanese lives are really in danger, they will be the more so with every increase of Japanese troops sent over to Manchuria. Japan has turned Manchuria into another Alsace-Lorraine. Is she going to stir up another world war?

Here we have before us a big problem disturbing world peace. How are we going to handle it? If the nations

do not stop this manifestation of imperialism coupled with militarism on the part of Japan, if a stronger nation can bring oppression on a weaker nation just because of its military supremacy, we will never have peace in this world. The League of Nations is tested for its ability and strength, the Kellogg-Briand Pact is questioned. Another Alsace-Lorraine has been created before us, strong in its racial hatred. Are we going to see another great war or are we going to work for Peace?



LIFE'S EVENING

Change
Alone doesn't bring
This pain into my beaten heart—
It is the suddenness of it all
That hurts, like seeing
First violets
Pierce dank old woods—
That shakes my soul
As small white harbingers of winter
Shake it annually—
That grips my being
As that cool veiled moment,
Stained with color,
Leaves the sun suspended in its course—
It is known as
Eventide.

—Modena McPherson.

TO MY ROOMMATE

Your heart is glowing with living fire,
Enveloping in one pure desire
All life about you—to increase
The world in joy—
To give surcease
To all the pain you see or hear,
To make life precious, winsome, dear.

Hallam and Son

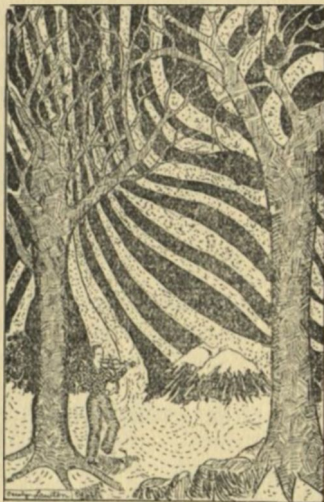
A TALE OF DESTINY

By DIXIE JONES

EDGAR was half way down the stairs when the first notes rang out in the chill night. From his bed he had heard the creaking of the wide boards of the hall and had seen a dark figure move past his door. Could it have been his father in that old dress suit which had always hung at the back of his mother's wardrobe? Edgar had followed him, fearing that his father had taken to sleep walking. He had not been well for a week past, had said queer things and moved in a dazed, senseless way. Edgar started when the first chord was struck, and the full, vibrant harmony which came from the room below, kept him there gaping into the blackness.

Poignant, wonderful, superb the dulcet melody floated up to him, filling him so completely that his heart had not room to beat. His mother arose and stood beside him there in the dark. There was no one else in the house. They had no neighbors. Of this Edgar was glad.

The music went on, joyous, keen, and loud. With tones delicately shaded, then running into a somber, mellow cadence, its consonance filled the old house which had been for years devoid of melody. Gradually the touch became more vigorous. Heavy chords crashed one upon another like the breakers on a stormy night. The volume increased until the air became metallic with its strength. The thunderous tongues rose higher. Then came one crashing, overwhelming discord. And all sound ceased. Emptiness and silence returned again to the



lumbering old house.

The boy and his mother stood aghast for a moment. Then Edgar lighted an old oil lamp and brought it, glimmering sleepily into the room. The great square piano was open. Its yellowed ivories seemed to grin at them like the teeth of a monster, which had just devoured its prey. Edgar turned up the wick of the lamp, revealing on the worn carpet a crumpled figure in black broadcloth. The light caught

a gleam in the white hair, as Mrs. Hallam knelt beside him.

The horror of nature's sublimest phenomenon swept the souls of the wife and son. Then as grief subsided into the deep calm of sorrow, the mother spoke.

"Look, Eddie," she whispered, "he smiles as if he were glad!"

"Ah, mother, perhaps he is. Life has been hard for him to bear."

"This is like a second triumph to him. See the joy in his face. He must have thought that he was playing again before an appreciative audience. How well this old suit fits him yet!"

Anton Hallam was wearing the suit in which he had appeared before the foot lights thirty years ago at that one great victory of his career. After that all had been failure, repression, and defeat. The relaxed muscles left an expression of peace upon the face which looked tired, but tired only with the fatigue that coincides with rest. The plastic features fell into a slight smile as if he were glad of the release. His pent up energies had

spent themselves in one last luxurious exertion, a glorious yielding to the fate that he had fought against.

Long ago Hallam had given up the struggle for what to him was unattainable. But in giving up he had found a greater struggle. By force of will he had forsworn the power that ruled his life, the art to which he had devoted all his energies for forty years.

His audience had been enthusiastic that first night. He had made a dozen engagements for concerts, but when those were over there were no more. Fame had given him one taunting taste of herself and then had fled forever. That one great night had instilled in him the self confidence which had brought about his downfall. No longer could his instrument be to him a lifeless object. It was a part of himself, and into his playing he threw his whole soul. But the public did not care to have a soul with their music. There was something indefinable in it that they objected to. But Anton could not overcome it. He could not go back to the old mechanical repetitions. Self expression came forth in his music despite his efforts at restraint.

Composing came natural with him. He wrote lovely things, some of them subtle, enticing; others lucid, pleasant, and soothing. He sent copies of his compositions out to his musician friends. Now and then a letter would come, praising his work, filling him with encouragement. But still the public refused to listen. He could neither obtain an opportunity to appear in a concert nor find a publisher for his original work.

At last he realized that he could no longer support himself and his young wife in the city. He bought an old farm in a rural section of Pennsylvania and went there to study alone. Perhaps some day he would be able to produce the wretched doggeral that the public was willing to pay for.

Maria, his wife, had been wonderful. She knew nothing of country life, but she set to work trying to make a home

of the rough old farmhouse. The funds gave out before they could furnish the place even with rustic comfort. But they were happy there in spite of failure. Anton always hopeful of the future, Maria ever nurturing that hope.

Then the children came. Little Joe first, then Ursalus. In desperation Anton had turned to the earth for help. All day in the hot sun he worked, his tender hands blistered and sore with the unaccustomed labor. But when he returned to the house at night he played over the little melodies which had taken form in his mind while he worked with his hands in the field. The earth, he discovered, gave but grudgingly of her fruit, and anxious coaxing brought forth little. It was only by skillful trading, foresight, and knowledge, he learned, that the neighboring farmers were able to live in comfort. But the men on the surrounding farms were kind to him. They gradually taught him their own methods while inwardly chuckling at his awkwardness.

Anton soon became proud of his young sons. They showed that they had inherited abundantly of their father's genius. And as he trained them, Anton transferred to them the ambitions which he had held for himself. Earnestly he taught them all he knew and even read and studied that they might have the most modern views of theory and criticism. He insisted on doing all the heavy work on the farm himself to keep their hands sensitive and agile. For Joseph he bought a violin cello, and for Ursalus a flute.

The two boys were both well in their teens when Edgar was born, and Hallam put off training this child of his age until the older ones should have begun careers. They had both left home before they were twenty, and they soon made their old father proud by winning recognition from their work in a symphony orchestra.

But success was too much for the two ignorant country youths. They fell into the gay life of their fellows in the orchestra. There came one day a tele-

gram to the old home. Both the boys had been killed in a drunken brawl.

This had been too much for Anton. Faith had fled forever. He realized that music, his idol, the thing to which he had devoted his life, was really his curse. Music—what had it brought him but poverty, inability to face life's problems, the failure to give his children the education they needed, and finally this awful disappointment, this calamity and disgrace?

Anton turned the key in the piano and when Edgar was not near, hid it under a loose tile of the hearth.

Then had come the painful years. Anton with his rigid self repression became irritable. His strength began to fail. His whole personality was changed and materialism had become his gospel. But upon this youngest child he lavished the last of his vitality.

To Edgar he talked in proverbs: "Seek not for beauty. Art in all its forms is vanity. Grace is a fleet nymph, leading man quickly over the precipice. Look only to wealth for it is forever objective. Riches will free and not imprison the soul. Play not with illusive images. Art will never provide you a livelihood. Music is selfish; it takes all and gives back nothing."

Edgar grew up, ignorant of scales and chords, but unlike his brothers, he attended school in the nearest town. And after obtaining something of the uniform public education he studied banking and accounting. He found no joy in these, however. He would talk to his father of interest and annuities when his mind was seeking some lonely isle of fiction and when his ears were filled with the musical moaning of the trees outside.

"Yes, Dad," he would say, humoring the old man, "as soon as I have accumulated enough from the harvest, I shall buy shares in Dehune's new cannery. That is a stock which is bound to rise."

* * * * *

But now, Edgar mused, it is all over. No more deception would be necessary. There lay the white old head, torn in

youth by unsatiated ambitions, wracked in age by a determination to resist that fundamental drive of his nature, the will to beauty.

But the ceaseless effort, the guarded conversation, the locked piano could not erase from Edgar's mind that early image, that childhood memory of lovely sounds in the old house. He could not forget the rapt, glowing faces of his father and his brothers at their instruments. How could he, born with music in his ears, give his life to the accumulation of wealth? But then he must. Yes, he too must resist this awful craving. His father was right. Devotion to music had been the curse of the family, and he had his mother to care for.

Edgar Hallam prepared for the winter as old Anton had started him, striving to bring in the greatest possible harvest, using all his knowledge of curing and preserving the crop, trading with an effort at shrewdness.

Winter came on and Edgar had no overcoat heavy enough for the severe weather. Awaking one morning he noticed that there had been a considerable change in the weather during the night. Heavy clouds hung about the horizon, and fearing an early snow, Edgar set off to the town to purchase the coat. He drove in with a wagon load of potatoes, meaning to buy the coat with the money received from them.

On the curb in front of the general store of the village a crowd had gathered. From somewhere in their midst Edgar could see the bow of a violin rise and fall. The listeners applauded enthusiastically and began to search their pockets for coins. Edgar elbowed his way toward the center. The blind man's cup was going around.

This poor fellow was gaining a livelihood with his instrument, Edgar meditated. Perhaps some day he too should be blind. Why had his father said that beauty took all and gave nothing? He glanced at the show window of the store. There lay a violin in the midst of a dozen articles of dry goods. It was not a new one. The case was scratched and worn. The proprietor had probably

taken it in for debt. He motioned to the store keeper.

"How much for that?"

"Thirteen dollars," the man said.

Thirteen dollars, that was about what the load of potatoes would bring. With the instrument so near, he could hardly wait to touch it. There was no time for bargaining. "Will you give it in trade for a load of potatoes?"

The man stepped over to the curb to appraise the contents of the wagon. "I'll make it a trade with the basket of nuts on the seat," he said. "Unload at the side door."

Edgar soon came back and claimed the instrument. To his surprise he did not even know how to hold the bow. He was ashamed to take the violin home, to reveal his weakness to his mother. He drove the wagon toward home, but before he realized it he had turned off into a narrow side road. Anything except to let her see his folly. Perhaps he could stand it if he could play it, if there were promise in it. But he was

too ridiculous as he stood there holding the thing which would only scream out harshly at his touch.

The flakes of snow began to fall heavily. The storm he had foreseen was upon him, and his clothing was thin and all of cotton. He did not even know where he was. He wandered aimlessly. It became too dark to sit on the wagon. He hitched the mule and began to pace to and fro with the violin in his hands. He placed the case on his shoulder and tried again. The noise was shocking to his ears. In agony he sawed the strings with the bow; his fingers moved aimlessly along the stem. Now he struck a clear sound. How it thrilled him. Little by little he discovered the scheme of the instrument, and with an overpowering fascination he worked until he brought forth a simple melody.

The snow piled up around his feet, but he heeded it not. His soul had found an outlet. Soon everything was dazzling white around him, but he could not see. His whole being had become finger tips and ears.



TO—————

There is rhythm in your fingertips,
Laughter on your glowing lips,
Depths too deep to fathom in your eyes,
Which open in naive surprise,
Whene'er I hint that in them lies
The hidden key to Paradise.

—Charmian Stuart.

LOST LOVE

A breath of a June
Ending too soon
in unharmonious discord—
A flower we knew
Losing its hue
And falling pale to the ground.

—Frances Zachry.

SCARS—

You'll never know
Of the tiny scars
Left there—so small
The human eye can scarcely see
And yet—each scar
Has seared itself
Into my heart
And made me suffer agony.

—Harriet Campbell.

Every Thursday

By BETTY HUNT

"IT is the decision of the court, John Gregory, that you are guilty of murder in the first degree, and I do hereby sentence you to penal servitude so long as your life shall last."

The cold, metallic words rang out solemnly over the hushed stillness of the courtroom. Edith Gregory, at her little table next to John's, breathed a tortured sigh. So this was the end—this punishment of a life spent behind sullen prison walls was the end of both her life and her husband's. As she thought of the double meaning that this sentence had, Edith dug her sharp nails into the tender flesh of her hands to keep back the rebellious tears. It wasn't fair to John for them to shut him away like a dog in a cage when he had killed Roger for the sake of her honor. What man wouldn't kill another if he saw him trying to take advantage of his wife? But above all it wasn't fair to her and Peter. It wasn't just to have her and Peter's love crushed down just before it had blossomed into a reality.

Mechanically she stood up and put her comforting arms around John; unconsciously as was her habit, she soothed him, choking the sob that rose in her own throat. For a minute neither spoke—it wasn't necessary. After all, six years of living together had given them the kind of understanding in which silence often means more than any amount of words. Finally they came to take John away, and Edith freed herself from his embrace, promising to come back the next day. Then dully she left the room after seeing him led away by two guards.

Slowly she walked down the steps to the street, oblivious to the crowds around her. She had one thought uppermost in her mind—to get away from people so that she would have room to think. Somehow she escaped a group

of reporters and went on her way undisturbed.

It was preposterous to think that her substantial old John should be imprisoned—and for the rest of his life, too. Why it was too absurd! Surely there must be some mistake. But no—clearly those awful words rang through her head again,

"I do hereby sentence you to penal servitude so long as your life shall last."

There was no mistaking the meaning of that sentence. Edith shuddered. How horrible it all was!

"Extra! Extra! All about the jealous man who killed his wife's old sweetheart. Read about the trial of John Gregory."

Abruptly Edith realized that the newsboys were referring to her John. But they were making a terrible mistake. Why John hadn't been jealous of Roger at all. He had considered him as a faithful friend until that fateful night. She started towards the paper boy; she must tell him that he was wrong—that he was doing John an injustice. But no! Roger really had been in love with her before her marriage, and Edith remembered how futile it had been to try to convince the jury that John's act was not the premeditated result of insane jealousy but rather the rational act of an honorable man. She had a sinking sensation of loneliness at her heart. How quick the world was to condemn—how ready to make outcasts of people who are often only the unfortunate victims of circumstance.

Her pace grew faster and faster as she tried to get away from her thoughts, so that she finally found herself quite out of breath. Seeing a cozy teashop in the next block. Edith turned in there to rest for a minute and to compose herself. She didn't know how long she had been walking; time meant nothing to her now; she knew only that she was

tired and that the tearoom apparently offered a quiet place to eat.

"How do you do, my dear? Have your coat off and come over here to sit down."

The hostess was very kind, but Edith hoped that she wouldn't insist on talking to her.

"We have some very unusual Russian tea this afternoon made from a special recipe I brought back from abroad last year; I hope you will let me recommend it to you."

Heavens, why wouldn't the woman leave and just let her alone!

"Why thank you so much," Edith found herself answering, and the pleasantness of her response surprised her. "I believe I will try it. And I'd like teacakes, too—anything light and crisp that you happen to have."

With relief she watched the woman go into the kitchen to prepare her light meal. Dully she wondered if this efficient, capable-looking woman had ever had her husband sentenced to life-imprisonment—wondered if she had ever been in love with another man and quite fond of her husband at the same time. Then she wondered if the hostess were even married.

She remembered her own wedding. Six years ago her father had picked out John Gregory for her. She had been only eighteen and he had been thirty-four, but urged by her father, she had fancied that she loved John. He had seemed so wise—so dear and she had been flattered at having an older man in love with her.

And he had adored her. Her slightest wish had been his greatest command. He had loved her, spoiled her, petted her. Edith remembered how every night he had lifted her in his strong arms and carried her up to bed—how he had tucked her in safe and warm and then gone back downstairs to stoke the furnace and open the windows. He would never let her stay with him when he fixed the house for the night, for fear she would catch cold in her precious little head.

In his blind heart, John never dreamed

that Edith was just like other girls her age—prone to the same worldly temptations that they so often yielded to. So when Peter, his younger brother, was released from the army in Nicaragua, John had asked him to come live with them. From that day things had changed with Edith. Up until then, she had—

"Excuse me, please, but would you mind moving your elbow?"

What in the world—oh yes, she had ordered tea. She obediently moved her elbow, making room for a plate of cookies.

"I do hope you will enjoy this tea; I made it all myself. Did I tell you that I got the recipe from a friend in England?"

Didn't this woman ever stop talking? Edith looked up startled. Suppose she started in now to tell her about her European trip! Things almost as bad had happened before. When she had gone to her father's funeral four years ago, the conductor had insisted on telling her Scotch jokes until finally she had been able to stand it no longer and had fled to the rear of the observation car and the sanctity of her own thoughts.

I brought this marmalade too. My sister in Virginia put it up. I am sure you have never tasted anything quite like it before. She puts grated pineapple and cherry juice in it."

Grated pineapple and cherry juice! How trivial it all seemed when one's husband was in prison and one loved Peter.

If you want anything else, I'll be right in the kitchen; you can ring this bell."

And the over-kind hostess handed Edith a tinkling, silver hand-bell.

A wave of relief swept over Edith as she watched the woman's back disappear. Finally the kitchen door swung to, leaving Edith to pursue her meditations.

What had she been thinking about? Oh yes, from the time Peter came everything had been changed. Dashing handsome in his army uniform, he had

stepped off the train and into Edith's heart. Near the same age, these two children had found a hundred things in common. They had ridden together, golfed together, danced together—things Edith hadn't indulged in since before her early marriage. It had been like April rain to a flower parched by too much sun. And John, unselfish soul, had encouraged it because it seemed to give his darling pleasure.

But even at that, this relationship had been devoid of sentiment until they had started reading poetry together, for they both realized the abyss they were standing on, and they had both struggled to ward off the impending calamity. But somehow the poetry got the better of them. How vivid to Edith was the night they had read:

"Love in my heart is a cry forever
Lost as the swallow's flight,
Seeking for you and never, never
Stilled by the stars of night."

Peter's hand had touched hers, and she had felt her whole body vibrate.

They hadn't read again for several weeks, and then one night he had read her:

"Come, for life is a frail moth flying,
Caught in the web of the years that
pass,
And soon we too, so warm and eager,
Will be as the gray stones in the
grass."

When he had finished, Peter had looked at her for several minutes. Then he had taken her by the shoulders,

"Edith, sweet, it's no use," he had told her. Then he gathered her gently in his arms and kissed her so tenderly the sweetness of it still remained now after nearly two years. They had sat still not saying anything for a long while. Finally—

"It's like trying to stop the tide to try to choke our love," he whispered. "One is just as inevitable as the other."

"But Peter, what can we do?" she had begged. "There is John, you know. We can't hurt him. Oh Peter, darling, I do love John, but it just isn't the right kind of love."

And Peter had understood. They had

tried to live seeing less of each other, doing what they thought was the right thing by John. But the time had come at last when they realized that the right thing to do if they wanted to be fair to John was to tell him—when they realized that the game they were playing was nothing but hypocrisy. They had decided all this one night when John was away from home. They knew only too well that the generous heart of John would free Edith to a greater happiness so long as their love was as innocent as it was.

After Peter left that night, Edith had sat by the fire dreaming of a future filled with happiness. At length someone knocked at the door. When she opened it, she saw that it was Roger.

Carefully Edith spread a thin layer of marmalade over a crisp, brown cookie as she saw again the smiling face of Roger. Oh yes, he had smiled all right, but there had been something sinister in his suave smile that sent an involuntary shudder down her spine even now. She had avoided Roger since her marriage. He had been in love with her for so long, and when she had told him of her engagement to John, a threatening foreboding had darkened his eyes.

Since then she had been afraid of him. She had seen to it that they were never alone, but she could not stop seeing him altogether since he professed to being a friend of John's. That night when he came in a sudden fear gripped her heart.

"Oh, Roger," she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry that John isn't here."

Then for politeness' sake she had had to ask him in. When they got back to the fireside, Roger started talking.

"Now Edith, I won't pretend that I didn't know John was away," he began. "I did; that's why I'm here. Oh my dear, (and he had come over on the couch beside her) don't you realize that I still love you?"

He had tried to take her in his arms, but Edith successfully eluded him. Evidently Roger had been drinking, for things rapidly went from bad to worse.

"Oh, you can't get away from me now," she remembered his telling her.

"You tried to discard me six years ago, but I have you where I want you now. For tonight at least, you are all mine."

It had been like a nightmare—trying to evade him and his objectionable attentions, and Edith was almost at the end of her resources when the door opened and in rushed John.

Without a word he had drawn a revolver from his pocket and deliberately shot Roger through the heart.

Edith saw again that terrible night. She recalled the guilty groan of Roger as he sank to the floor, never to rise again of his own volition. She remembered John's grim expression as he felt the dead man's pulse to make sure his gun had accomplished its purpose. Then she remembered how his expression had softened as he came over and picked her up out of the chair in which she was dumbly sitting.

"Poor little kid," he whispered. "It's a darn shame you had to see all this mess."

Then he had kissed her and she remembered nothing else.

Almost surprised, Edith realized that she had finished her tea. She wondered how she could eat. Did people always eat when their souls ached? Wasn't it strange that when everything you had to live for had crumbled around your feet, you kept on feeding your body so that you would live anyway? It seemed that it would be more logical to stop eating so that death would come and help you bear your miserable burden. But habit somehow got the better of you and you went on living.

The door to the tearoom opened and a man entered. Edith looked up and gave a startled cry. It was Peter.

"Dearest," he said, walking over to her table quickly and sitting down by her side. "I have been searching everywhere for you. Why did you slip away so quietly?"

He poured out a cup of Russian tea, the recipe for which the hostess had brought back from England. Funny—that she should remember such a detail at a time like this. After drinking the tea, Peter looked up at her with

troubled eyes. Sensing something in his glance, Edith spoke.

"What is it, Peter? Have you been thinking, too?"

Then she wondered if she had really been thinking.

"I have been with John," he finally answered. "Edith, he told me how wonderful he thought we had been. He said we were all he had to live for now. His whole life is wrapped up in the love we have for him."

Edith looked at the leaves in the bottom of her teacup. Was what she saw there the symbol that the old gypsy had taught her meant sorrow, or was that only her imagination? Slowly a tear found its way to her eye and down her cheek. She looked up. Peter was watching her as intently as John had watched the jury when it brought in its verdict that morning.

"Good-bye, Pete," she said simply.

That was all she said—all she had to say. He rose without a word and headed for the door. Then he turned and came back. Leaning down he softly kissed the top of Edith's head. Then he was gone.

For a while after Peter left, Edith sat staring in front of her. The stark tragedy of what she had done gradually burned itself deep into her brain. She had sent Peter away. That phrase kept repeating itself dully on her numbed consciousness. She had sent Peter away. Of course that did not mean that she would never see him again; it did not mean that they would be forever separated in the flesh; rather it meant that they would be forever separated in the spirit. Worse than having him taken away from her, she would have to see him, hear his voice, know that he was near her yet forever parted from her. This was a sort of living hell she would have to undergo, the tortures of which would be worse than death itself.

Death! That was something she had not thought of before. Maybe that was the solution to her problem. Maybe that was a way out of the horrible tangle into which she had become immeshed. But no—there was John. She

was all he had to live for now. Her life belonged to him, and it wouldn't be fair to deprive him of the possession he had sacrificed so much for. Oh well—

She stood up and unconsciously rang the little silver bell. In a moment the garrulous hostess came in, the check in her hand.

"It's fifty cents," she informed Edith. "This tea is a little more expensive than the plain kind, but it's so much better that I always thought it was worth the price."

What was she talking about? Oh, yes! Edith dimly remembered that she had been drinking Russian tea, the recipe for which had been brought from England or China by—was it by the woman herself or was it her great-grandmother? It really didn't matter.

"I hope you will come in for lunch some Thursday," the woman rambled on. "That is our special day and we always have chicken pie then. Every Thursday we serve a regular Sunday dinner."

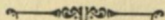
For a second Edith hesitated.

"Why how splendid," she finally answered. "I will be in almost every Thursday I suppose. You see my husband—I mean—I—I—well I visit a friend in this neighborhood then."

She had remembered that Thursday was visitor's day at the prison. Every Thursday—chicken; every Thursday—John. As Edith opened the outer door in front of her, it was not the dark street that she saw, but the dark years stretching out before her. Years and years of monotony with nothing to break it but a chance glimpse of Peter now and then. Years and years of adaptation, trying to change the sharp pain in her heart to only a dull ache.

She saw in her future nothing to live for—absolutely nothing. Everything seemed so trivial, so lifeless.

Softly she closed the door behind her. Every Thursday—chicken; every Thursday—John.



REST

Rest
Is a dream
Which hunted humans seek
In night's peace-pretending darkness—
In dawn's fickle silence—
In twilight's false naivete—

Rest
Is a dream
Which hunted humans realize
Only in
Infinity.

—Modena McPherson.

LAVENDER

ROMANCE

The voice of the sea sings beckoning me,
The mountains high point up to the sky.
While deserts of the east with burning
sands

Set my heart yearning for foreign lands.
For foreign ports and foreign ships
For damsels fair with ruby lips,
For jewels costly, gold that's fine—
To have—to own—to call it mine.
How can I stay and dream at home
When my heart cries out for the world
to roam!

—Charmian Stuart.

In a garden far down by the gate
Two loitering lovers stood whispering
late.

She raised up to him her eyes of deep
blue

And pointing her hand,
Counted stars—one—two—
Then turning aside,
And plucking a rose,
She sighed to herself—
“Why won't he propose?”

—Charmian Stuart.

ALONE

I sit at sunset
And watch the day
Turn into night,
And know that for me
There will be no sun—
Only the memory
Of a strange, old past
That brought me life
And new ideals and dreams.
Now, even these must go
And as they vanish
In the starless night,
So, I must face the dark
And smile and never fear
The days to come;
I must go on and on.

—Harriet Campbell.

ONLY MEMORY

Tiny mist of a moon
Silver turning to gold
Sinking into shadows
Far, far too soon.
The black night is cold
And I grow lonely
A shiver passes o'er me;
I am left a memory only.

—Frances Zachry.

There is poetry in trees,
In silvery brooks,
On the whispering breeze,
In cool shaded nooks
There is poetry in nature, music and
art—

But the truest to me
Is that found in your heart.

—Charmian Stuart.

A DAY AND A LIFE

The morning star,
a setting moon, and a rising sun—
promise of a day to be won.

The evening star,
a rising moon, and a setting sun
tell of a day that is done.

Youth and age,
tell of a life just begun,
and of a race nearly run.

—Frances Zachry, '32.

LIFE

Life reminds me of a wheel
That turns over and over,
Sometimes running smoothly
Sometimes hitting rocks and passing,
But never ceasing to revolve,
And in turning covers miles
Until at length,—so rugged and worn
It barely makes the way.
Then, like us—it is put aside to rest
But we go on into Eternity.

—Harriet Campbell.

E X C H A N G E

Although we have only received a few fall exchanges, those that we have are very good. In The Aurora of Agnes Scott college, we liked the editorial and poetry, especially,

REBELLION

Myra Jervey

And what is it to them if I did love you?
That they should snoop around, and
peek, and pry,
And click their tongues, and say they
always knew
That you were weak, and smooth their
skirts, and sigh.
And what is it to them if you are gone?
That they should say that it is better so,
And that I must not cry when I am
alone
For time will ease the smarting of the
blow.
I do not want their sympathy and tears.
Crass hypocrites! Ghouls, gloating in
my pain!
Seeking romance through lengths of
dried up years,
Vicarious the only joys they gain.
God knows, if I shall live to be as they,
You should have killed me, before you
went away!

We acknowledge The Chimes of Shorter college and The Prelude of Alabama Woman's college.

In The Submeco of Sue Bennett college the So They Say is a very unusual feature. Another unique feature for a magazine is Campus Briefs, which is a society column. We liked the articles in The Submeco, especially In The Realms of the Vanished. The book review of The Great Hunger showed great depth of human understanding.

There are many intriguing thoughts embodied in the article, Work, of The Erothesian of Lander college.

We particularly liked the freshman number of The Distaff of Florida State College for Women. The "rat" idea was carried out in the book from cover to cover. The article, Sketches, brought actual pictures into our minds as we read it. The story, Fo' Mista' Jesus Sake, held our interest throughout its pages. The poetry in this issue of The Distaff was very good. We especially enjoyed,

DEATH

I always think of Death
As like the fog I love—
A cool caress upon my cheek,
A veil, encircling and enshrouding
Until familiar objects fade,
Until there is no space
But space itself—
Beautiful, serene.

—Carleen Vinal.

BOOKSHELF

The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker

By DONALD CORLEY

Reviewed by Rietta Bailey

IF you have heard nightingales in a pine forest, if you have known purple violets in spring, soft and wet and hushed, if you have dreamed with the smell of music in the air, and if you have stumbled on the magic of life, then lost it—Donald Corley in his *Fifth Son of the Shoemaker* gives it to you again.

Mr. Corley is a Georgian, a graduate of Emory University. He has lived in New York since leaving Emory. He is a musician and artist as well as a writer. His "House of Lost Identity" and "The Haunted Jester" are collections of short stories, both of them illustrated by him. "The Dance of the Drowned" from the "Haunted Jester" and "The Legend of the Little Horses" from the "House of Lost Identity" more nearly approach the "Fifth Son of the Shoemaker" than any of the other stories.

"The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker" holds the magic of all life and the beauty of its pain. The plot you may remember but probably won't. There is only the realization and relief that here, beautifully told, are all the things you have felt for so many years. There is a perfect understanding of grief and pain and happiness, and a complete harmony of them all.

The story is of Pytor Mestravvik, the artist child of old Ivan Mestravvik, a Russian shoemaker living in Orchard Street in New York. Pytor is the fifth son and there exists between him and the old man "that queer something that has no name" . . . and hardly ever was speech necessary between them."

Pytor, a thin, dark child "with eyes

like black olives" heard symphonies in the sounds of Orchard Street, the cry of "vilets, vilets," the "dunk, dunk" of his father's hammer, the lonely song of the river under the bridge with the crashing overtones of the heavy traffic above it.

Pytor's and Ivan's lives are made full by the coming of Miss 'Cindy, a fairy princess to both of them. She understands the artist in them and opens the way for the fulfillment of their dreams. She brings Pytor to the master violinist, Mutke, who recognizes the genius in the boy and makes a finished musician of him. Through her influence Nischka the great singer comes to Orchard Street for a pair of Ivan's shoes and Ivan becomes the master designer of shoes for the theatre and for society. Nischka is his inspiration and his dream.

In spite of the fame and wealth which come to the Mestravvik family and which makes the other four sons want to build and make more money, Pytor and Ivan keep the beautiful simplicity lost to most master artists and the future is for them "a Golden Age where gold is not the Price . . . nor the Penalty . . . nor the Scourge of living, but only the sun shining on a beautiful wall."

Read "The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker" and go through that door beyond your fairytale childhood where there is true eternal magic, here in the life of you. The story is a lovely fragile thing, delicately toned.

The Triumphant Footman

By EDITH OLIVIER

Reviewed by Marguerite Rhodes

A FOOTMAN who attends a party in honor of a noted museum director in the guise of the celebrity himself, presiding over the occasion with a charming distinction, and even showing honors upon his own unsuspecting master and mistress; who meets with adventure on the London stage and deceives an actor's own mother in taking a pal's part for a night; and who inherits his grateful mistress's fortune, assumes a title, and lives the elegant role of a viscount for the rest of his days. Such is the character whose ups and downs comprise the chief interest of *The Triumphant Footman*. Alphonse has a happy, adventuring outlook on life. He is too kind-hearted to cause anyone a moment's intentional pain. He is infinitely clever and successful in whatever project his imagination devises. He is very real and loveable.

This rather delightful book, however, falls infinitely short of the expectations of the reader of Dwarf's Blood. There is nothing deep, powerful, of even very serious in *The Triumphant Footman*. While reading it, one seems almost to regard it as its nonchalant hero regards life, that is, as something interesting, something to be enjoyed for all that is in it, but something to laugh at rather than to take seriously. It is not on the plane of a subject of great depth or height; in its most dramatic moments, the reader feels amused curiosity rather than suspense.

Perhaps the most real, the most intensely felt part of the book is its characters. Of course, Alphonse comes first, but he is not alone. One can exactly picture the frail, tyrannical little old woman, Mrs. Lemaure, who so enjoys her invalidism—smug, steeped in luxuries, complaining, utterly selfish, yet with that pathetic appeal which so bound her husband to her. One can also picture

Captain Lemaure, Alphonse's master, the kindly, stupid soul entirely devoted for life to the needs and whims of his bedridden wife, even drawn unnaturally in his willing servitude to her into some of her cramped and severe views. Then there is Dove, the grim-looking, but gentle and sensitive maid; there is George, the slangy Cockney actor, who wants to "paint the town red" on his friend Alphonse's "oof." Count Pendini, the quiet, gentle collector of butterflies, is thrown especially upon the reader's sympathy because of his goodness and his misfortunes. The amiable, studious, trusting professor, Walter de Bisque, with his hobbies of begonias and the study of his family history, is likable and real. It is his daughter, Mirabelle, who makes Alphonse such a suitable wife, spirited, ingenious, humorous, and philosophical. Such is the variety of personalities sympathetically and realistically portrayed in the book.

There are a great many other artistic qualities in *The Triumphant Footman*. The language is natural and vivid; it gives an impression of color and reality without being at all flowery. The setting too, Europe in Victoria's day, is good, though unobtrusive. It is true that one feels the events might just as well be happening at the present day as a half century ago. Yet several complications are avoided by this time decision, and the reader is made to feel very realistically a different literary and social atmosphere in Italy, a different stage atmosphere in London, a different social atmosphere around the English court, and a very distinctive conservative atmosphere among the old titled class of the countryside, who considered bicycling along the border line of propriety. In all the amusing situations an opportunity is never missed for humor, which sometimes consists in the por-

trayal of human nature, and sometimes, not necessarily as a different kind, in the portrayal of the purely ridiculous. There is an infinite number of surprises in the book, presented in a delightfully skillful way. One train of events, that of Alphonse's successful flirtation with the leading lady who turns out to be an understudy, would in itself be a very pleasing short story of the O. Henry type.

It is true that the happenings in the first part of the book, accounts of Alphonse's separate adventures up through the death of Mrs. Lemaurs, seem rather unconnected. But in the second part, which tells of his courtship, his marriage, and his troubles as Vicomte de Beaujeu, all the former events of the book are cleverly brought forward and made to play their part in the plot. The

last struggle, which is climatic, occurs while Alphonse and Mirabelle are on their honeymoon in Italy. As Vicomte Alphonse has assumed the same disguise as he had when he once posed as the museum director. He is recognized as the imposter of long ago by Count Pendini, accused of having been concerned in a plot to steal some precious pieces of art, and imprisoned. At the point when his situation seems hopeless, he is forced to shave. At the trial, Count Pendini recognizes him as the faithful footman of the Lemaurs and declares that the authorities have detained the wrong man. As is fitting in such a story, Alphonse is released amid the great rejoicing of his old friends, and he and Mirabelle live very happily ever afterwards.



American Beauty

By EDNA FERBER

Reviewed by Betty Hunt

EDNA FERBER'S newest novel, *American Beauty*, may be aptly described by calling it a short story with a novel inserted. The short story is merely the tale of a self-made man who returns to the New England of his birth to buy the property which belonged to the Oakes family at the time when he lived there. Along with him, comes his daughter, a modern architect.

They discover that the farmland is in possession of Orrange Olzak, son of a Pole and an Oakes, and that he is being forced to sell because of financial embarrassment. The short story ends with a mere suggestion of a future love affair between the young girl architect and Orrange Olzak.

In the meantime, however, the novel is inserted. It is the family history of the proud old Oakes, a family headed in 1700 by Orrange Oakes and "Judith,

his amiable consort." Down through the generations, this proud old line is traced, along with their struggle to obtain and hold the land upon which they live. After the background of the family is given, Miss Ferber chooses as a pivot for her story, Tamar, child of a younger Oakes daughter who ran off with a showman. After her mother's death, Tamar returns to her maiden aunt in Connecticut. She is the last of the Oakes family and her marriage to one of the immigrant Poles, so numerous in the New England of that time, proves such a shock to the aunt that she dies.

Tamar, is the mother of one son—Orrange Olzak, whom she rears amidst all the family traditions of a true Oakes. It is this boy that the self-made man and his daughter wish to buy land from.

Without a doubt, Miss Ferber's new novel may be classed as an achievement

even for an author as skillful as she is. Her novel treatment of the story—that of interrupting a single incident with a full length novel—lends unusual interest, and in the characterization of her people she succeeds in creating a very “life-likeness.”

Tamar, in particular, tears at our very heartstrings. Daughter of a traveling showman, reared among people accustomed to the dregs of high-living, her childish struggle to conform to the strict traditions of her aunt are a trifle pathetic. And as the years pass by, the transition of the half-grown child into a full-grown woman is as gentle as that in real life.

Contrasted with the foreign Poles, even married to one of them, her true New England blood comes to the fore.

Her obdurateness in refusing to sell a single acre of the old Oakes farmland, her insistence in instilling into her son's mind all the lore of his famous old family are only the human reactions of a woman placed among people whom she unconsciously considers somewhat below her own level.

A crisp style, brittle conversation, and dynamic description, all help to make *American Beauty* a thoroughly enjoyable book. Fairly light, but not so much so as to border on the silly, it seems to be unusually suited to fall reading. Although this book may not be as near our hearts and therefore may not contain all the poignancy of Miss Ferber's other success, *So Big*, still there is no doubt that it will have a place of its own in contemporary literature.



The Good Earth

By PEARL S. BUCK

Reviewed by Louise Pittman

THIS story of Chinese peasant life is a powerful epic of the soil, and in particular, of one man's pride in and love for his land. The poignant cross-section of Chinese life presented in this novel genuinely stirs the emotions of the reader; we answer to its words—simple but extremely effective—its moods, its picturesque descriptions, its magic whisperings of life in the Orient as one answers to the companionship of a friend.

The very fact that an occidental woman can portray the life of an Oriental farmer so that it appears casual and natural and makes us through her realistic touches experience the smell of the earth and of the rich rice fields is startling and surprising and alone is sufficient to make this a truly great book. Not even in the very first are we aware of any strangeness and we feel that this story is an inevitable tragedy

that might have happened in any land. It is a universal story, very well told, honestly, sympathetic, without any self-consciousness whatever. The life of Wang-Lung unfolds naturally and marches steadily on from one season to the next. The story is one of nature, with its times of famine and plenty, flood and drouth, and of a Chinese peasant who loved the land above anything else. The characters appear human and very real, as people who, from the first, have our sympathy. The story becomes so vitally real to the reader that when the last page is finished it is as if some significant part of one's own days were over, and then again we are truly thankful that Fate does not always deal such a hand to helpless mortals. As we read the book we live under the charm that it holds over us.

Wang-Lung, a young farmer, marries O-Lan, a slave girl of the great House

of Hwang. He sees that it is true there is not beauty of any kind in her face—a brown, common, patient face that seems habitually silent. In his heart he is proud of his woman. She has a good enough voice, not loud, not soft, plain and not ill-tempered. The woman's hair is neat and smooth and her coat clean. He sees with an instant's disappointment that her feet are not bound, but he realizes she will be a strong helper for him.

At first the earth is good and they enjoy prosperity. Then, with a crop failure, comes dire poverty and famine forces them South to beg their food.

At this point in the story we get to know and understand O-Lan in a different light. During an up-rising in the South the poorer class or the common people force their way into the deserted homes of the rich and ransack them for all their valuables. O-Lan rushes in with the mob and slips out from behind a loosened brick a number of priceless jewels hidden there. She hides them between her breasts and later when Wang-Lung discovers them he takes them away from her to exchange them for land. O-Lan, who has cherished these rare jewels because of their exquisite loveliness gives them up rather reluctantly and after much hesitation humbly asks permission to keep the two small white pearls. Wang-Lung for an instant looks into the heart of this dull, faithful creature who has labored all her life at some task at which she has won no reward and who has seen in the great house others wearing jewels which she has never even felt in her hands once. Wang-Lung is moved by something he cannot understand and is touched by this appreciation buried deep in the heart of a woman starved for the beautiful in life, and he gives them to her and she is comforted.

The girl-child born during this time of famine and want is called the "poor fool" because her weak mind broke under the strain of mal-nutrition. She wears an eternally happy though blank expression and is utterly helpless. Wang-Lung's devotion to this pitiful little slave is very commendable, and makes the reader love him for his tenderness to her.

During all of these hard times of depression and famine Wang-Lung never gives up his land and eventually is enabled to go back to it again, prosper year by year, and build up a great landed manor; to hoard silver, own slaves and to awaken a lust for beautiful women.

When prosperity comes to him and he can idle all day he looks at O-Lan and sees for the first time that she is a woman whom no man can call other than she is, a dull and common creature, who plods in silence without thought of how she appears to others. He begins to call at the great Tea Houses and there he is tempted by Cuckoo and charmed by Lotus, a "small, slender thing, with a body light as a bamboo and a little face as pointed as a kitten's face." She becomes his second wife and for her he buys all of the comforts and luxuries she desires. O-Lan hates this woman and in a fitful sleep just before her death she mutters "Well, and if I am ugly, still I have been a man's lawful wife and I have borne him sons. How can that one feel him and care for him as I do? Beauty will not bear a man sons!"

Wang-Lung's sons are a disappointment to him. They grow up, are educated and marry—but not one has his father's love for the soil. Over the dying body of the old one these sons plan to sell this land and move as rich men to the city.

EDITORIAL

The Trend of Modern Literature

WHAT is the modern drama like? What are its main characteristics? And what are some examples of modern drama?

To begin with, modern drama differs from the older drama in that it is more unified, more compact, and more to the point. Aptness of situation for the characters, and ease of comprehension for itself seem to be the two qualities that a present-day audience requires in entertainments.

And the main characteristics that one finds, are intelligence, insight, and rapid, absorbing action. No longer do people care to sit and see a play gradually develop up to the climax, and then just as gradually sink back to the first level of interest. Dynamic action and swift revelation of character are prime requisites of the contemporary stage. After the climax comes the immediate denouement or even the climax itself is the denouement. There is no tedious falling action as was exemplified in the old Greek and Roman plays and in the Shakespearean plays.

Many of the latest plays are expositions or defenses of modern psychological conceptions, although this is not always true. The main trend of the drama in the last year seems to be a reversion from the very light type of the play to a more serious sort. Some authorities seem to believe that this fact is due to the financial depression throughout the country; they are inclined to believe that in times of worry, men and women think too deeply to flock to flighty shows.

As for examples of contemporary drama—probably Burns Mantle's anthology of the ten best plays of 1930-1931, is the most recognized authority. He gives as his selection the following:

Maxwell Anderson—Elizabeth the Queen
Philip Barry—Tomorrow and Tomorrow
Moss Hart and George Kaufman—Once in a Lifetime
Lynn Riggs—Green Grow the Lilacs
Susan Glasbell—Alison's House
Rachel Crothers—As Husbands Go
Louis Weitzenkorn—Five-Star Final
William Bolitho—Overture
Rudolph Besier—The Barrets of Wimpole Street
Vicki Baum—Grand Hotel

In the introduction to the book, Mr. Mantle gives his reason for choosing the plays that he did. He said:

"'Elizabeth the Queen' is the most satisfying historical drama of several seasons.

"'Tomorrow and Tomorrow' translates an Old Testament miracle into

terms of modern life and has ethical conclusions provocative of interesting argument.

"'Once in a Lifetime' is the light comedy success of the season.

"'Green Grow the Lilacs' is a poetic adaptation of folk drama dealing with a new division of the American scene.

"'As Husbands Go' is a comedy light in weight, yet weighty in purpose.

"'Alison's House' (Pulitzer award) represents the educational value and power of the stage.

"'Five-Star Final' is representative of American melodrama inspired by righteous indignation. It is a crusade against that so-called phase of 'yellow journalism' which is of vital interest to many American newspaper readers.

"'Overture' although not successful, remains a thoughtful, provocative, and generally important contribution to the season's drama.

"'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' a sentimentally moving recital of the Elizabeth Barrett-Robert Browning romance, is one of the better type biographical dramas.

"'Grand Hotel' represents a definite play-writing trend at the moment, being an adaptation of the cinema technique which cuts a play into many short scenes."

Of course the modern drama could not be mentioned without mentioning Eugene O'Neill. He is the great exception to the rule. He follows the precepts of none of the modern schools; he creates his own school and his own precepts. His dramas have no thesis; they are merely the reactions of powerful human beings placed in character-twisting positions. He puts his climax where he chooses. He lets his action rise and fall at the inflection of his will. And yet he creates the illusion of rapid action. He is an artist unto himself and cannot be compared to the lesser lights.

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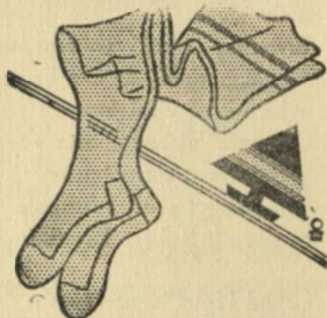
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